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THE
BATH PUMP ROOM.

Price Two Shillings.

1896
Apr 24

THE
BATH
PUMP ROOM;

OR, A

SOVEREIGN REMEDY

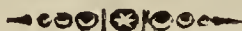
FOR

LOW SPIRITS.

A POEM.

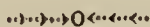
By **PETER PINDAR, Esq.**

Some by religion cure their grief,
By dissipation some ;
A Q——n from water seeks relief,
The P—— takes it in *rum*.



London :

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1818.



.....
T. Agg, 21, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London.
.....

THE
BATH PUMP ROOM,

&c. &c. &c.



1.

If one stern draught of Lethe's wave
The poison pluck'd from mem'ry's cruse,
What pity that some cunning knave
Ne'er bottled it for gen'ral use!

2.

What pity that a stream so rare,
So full of magic property—
So prompt an antidote for care—
Hath sped, and left its channel dry!

3.

How many pretty little throats
By their own hands most vilely riven,
Had now been warbling earthly notes,
Instead of chirruping in heaven!

6

4.

How many who have meanly swung,
 Some cruel fair one's frown to weather—
 Their carcase o'er some bed-rail slung,
 And ended life and love together!

5.

How many who, when famine dodg'd,
 As once the devil plagu'd the swine,
 Have leap'd, G—d wot! and snugly lodg'd
 Untroubled, in the Serpentine!

6.

How many blustering knaves, forsooth,
 Who, goaded hard by mem'ry's pains,
 Have, by a pistol's voice uncouth,
 Expell'd both agony and brains!—

7.

How many rattling sons of mirth—
 How many lads of wit and cunning,
 E'en now had rattled on the earth,
 Had these said waters still been running!

8.

Then husband's had not quench'd their eyes,
 With briny floods of—hopeless sorrow,
 Nor wives been forc'd—to check their sighs—
 Pale resignation's aid to borrow.

9.

Grandams and sires, who sought relief,
 Would in this precious stream have found it;
 And, ere scarce felt the touch of grief,
 Had, with one ample ducking drown'd it!

10.

But since that friendly wave no more
 Thro' the sad soil of earth meanders,
 Or laves some undiscover'd shore,
 And thro' some clime untravell'd wanders;

11.

Mankind must seek some other diet,
 Some new and worthy substitute—
 To keep down sorrow's saucy riot,
 And make the voice of memory mute.

12.

A royal grandam, who had just
 Receiv'd from Heav'n an admonition
 That royalty itself is dust,
 And must return to dust's condition,

13.

A Q——n of many virtues—yes—
 Whose heart with sympathy o'erflowing,
 Throbb'd at a story of distress,
 And always solace was bestowing:—

14.

Who had a hand—too small indeed—
 But that was nature's fault alone,—
 Who would not load so choice a seed,
 Nor clog the spirit of a throne.

15.

This gem of majesty, to chase
 The fiend of anguish from her breast,
 And in the ruthless demon's place,
 To substitute the cherub—Rest

16.

Resolv'd, with medical advice,
 Some hundred miles or more to travel,
 And put a finish in a trice,
 To all the power of grief and gravel.

17.

Swiftly she sped o'er hill and dale,
 With ample retinue so gay,
 And old and young, female and male,
 Came crowding o'er the King's highway.

18.

For majesty, tho' seen in towns,
 And us'd thro' city squares to thunder,
 Is rarely seen on Wiltshire downs,
 Making the wethers gape with wonder.

19.

As eve her dusky flag unfurl'd,
 And shed a mist o'er stream and fountain,
 And darkness cower'd o'er the world, [tain :
 And snatch'd from view both vale and moun-

20.

Just at that hour of daylight's close
 When weary man retires from toil,
 And fleecy squadrons find repose,
 Untented, on the grassy soil ;

21.

Just at that hour when *gourmands* meet
 To hold their mean unhallow'd revels ;
 And reeling drunkards thro' the street,
 Are urg'd by their possessing devils ;

22.

Just then the royal groupe divine—
 Venus and her attendant graces—
 Rush'd into Bath, amidst a line
 Of wasted forms and shrivell'd faces.

23.

Rude Gout, in honor of that day,
 Forth waddled from his easy chair,
 And cast his friendly crutch away,
 At majesty to get a stare.

24.

Catarrh unloos'd his victim's throat,
 Which he had grip'd for weeks before,
 And gave it leave to pass a note
 To aid the universal roar.

25.

The Cataract drew his film aside,
 That eyes diseas'd might catch a glance,
 As thro' the road the pageant hied
 In dim but most majestic dance.

26.

Withering Consumption brought his train
 Of trembling invalids along,
 That they might gust their eyes again,
 Before they left life's busy throng.

27.

Old age grew young, and sickness hale,
 And wooden stumps danc'd gay quadrilles,
 And roses flush'd the cheek once pale,
 And icy hearts felt pleasure's thrills.

28.

The peasantry, for boors there be,
 E'en where the tides of fashion flow,
 Block'd up their doors, and saw, with glee,
 The Q——n agog to conquer woe.

29.

But saucy treason dar'd to quiz
 The royal grandam's pigmy shape,
 And some to see the royal phiz
 Did thro' the windows vilely gape.

30.

And some there were who rudely cry'd
 That phiz did sorrow's livery wear,
 And some half dozen swore they spied
 Rush down her cheek a steeped tear.

31.

But all agreed 'twas vastly mean
 Of majesty such grief to feel,
 For that the bosom of a Q——n
 Should all throughout be lin'd with steel

32.

And those, the highly favour'd few,
 Who sacred majesty surround,
 And tread, morn, noon, and evening too,
 The palace's most holy ground,

33.

Will swear that pity's vulgar form,
 And sympathy's plebeian face,
 (Whose touch may meaner uatures warm)
 Ne'er ventur'd in that hallow'd place.

34.

On tiptoe many a gaping elf
 Peep'd at the female thunderer,
 While Majesty, to shew herself,
 Doubled the cushions under her!

35,

And it was thoughtful of the Q-—-n,
 Who the Bath boobies to delight,
 Exhibited her royal mien,
 By adding somewhat to her height.

36.

Her glorious eyes were plain to view,
 Just like a pair of comets torrid,
 And like two torrid comets too,
 They seem'd to scorch the royal forehead.

37.

For it was scath'd and colourless,
 And the few locks that o'er it stray'd,
 Seem'd to stand up in great distress,
 As if to touch the skin afraid.

38.

That lovely nose, of German mould,
 Seem'd also to be scorch'd and fried;
 Or, as it had for years untold,
 Between two raging fires been dried.

39.

Those cheeks were sallow, sunk and lean,
 Their bones, like *tumuli* did rise ;
 The little vales of flesh between,
 Like parapets to guard the eyes.

40.

That mouth thro' which the royal breath
 In oriental gales doth flow,
 Within, appeared a barren heath,
 Where not a grinder seem'd to grow.

41.

The chin turn'd upwards from its base,
 Just like a skater's steely toe,
 Form'd a fine finish to a face,
 Beyond which nature could not go.

42.

And happy was the favor'd wight,
 Who then amidst the crowded street,
 Stood six feet two or three in height,
 The entire of Majesty to greet.

43.

But happiest he of all the race
 That tenant earth's productive sod,
 Who not alone beheld the face,
 But gain'd from royalty a nod.

44.

Flambeaux, and lamps of many dyes,
 Scatter'd a lustre far and near,
 Scouting the darkness of the skies,
 And spreading daylight thro' the sphere.

45.

And shouts of merry greeting swell'd,
 With thundering discord all around,
 And as the crowds their welcome yell'd,
 Night seem'd to lengthen out the sound.

46.

When hous'd at last from vulgar view,
 And all the din of rabble rout,
 There to her chosen one or two,
 Her sorrowing soul the Q——n pour'd out—

47.

“ I can't survive the shock—I can't—
 “ I know the blow will break my heart—
 “ Be long upon the earth I shan't—
 “ Death has already aim'd his dart.

48.

“ My grief can scarcely find a tongue,
 “ Bess—William—see my last condition :
 “ I feel I shan't be with you long,
 “ May Heav'n accept of my contrition !”—

49.

Then William spoke, the navy's head,
 That admiral, whose heroic power,
 Fills half the universe with dread,
 And makes the soul of Neptune cower—

50.

In tones of filial tenderness,
 His angel accents sweetly broke
 Upon the royal organ—yes—
 He very like an angel spoke.

51.

“ Poh, madam, poh, your Majesty
 “ Is tough, and yet may see out dozens
 “ (For lord you are but seventy-three)
 “ Of nephews, nieces, sons and cousins !

52.

“ Has not Sir Henry prophesied
 “ The waters here shall quite restore you,
 “ Why tremble then, till you have tried
 “ The path to health which lies before you ?”—

53.

Then filial Bess, with tearful eyes,
 Each orb half-drowning in its socket,
 And 'midst a gale of boisterous sighs,
 Taking some hartshorn from her pocket—

54.

Open'd those ruby lips and said—

“ My mother and my Q——n forbear :
 “ Where should your Bess, if you were dead,
 “ Find one to fill your place—oh where !

55.

“ Talk not of death for mercy's sake,—
 “ Talk not of death, but try the waters ;
 “ Yes, madam, ample doses take,
 “ That you may live to please your daughters !”

56.

Quoth T—yl—r “ Ma'am, the state requires
 “ That you throw off this garb of sorrow,
 “ And be, as policy inspires,
 “ Prepar'd to see the May'r to-morrow !”

57.

“ Well,” cried the Q—n, and from her box
 A pinch of consolation stealing,
 “ Tho' much my heart and soul it shocks,
 “ I'll try my best to check my feeling.

58.

“ To-morrow, shortly after ten,
 “ I'll go and try a mineral dose,
 “ But be the pump-room private then,
 “ And doors and windows shut up close.

59.

“ I would not for a thousand pounds
 “ Be seen by all the vulgar herd,
 “ To be with friends my feeling wounds,
 “ And rives my bosom, ’pon my word !”

60.

That none might see the royal grief,
 The pump-room doors were clos’d anon,
 And sickness was denied relief,
 ’Till sacred majesty was gone.

61.

The master whisper’d forth a prayer,
 That health might sit upon the draught,
 And then look’d on with anxious air,
 As the great Q——n the beverage quaff’d.

62.

The brisk cathartic quickly flew,
 Proud of its glorious destiny,
 And put in a confounded stew
 The internal realm of majesty.

63.

“ Oh !” quickly cried the troubled Q——n,
 The spasm expanding to her face,
 As when of late at T——nh——m Gr——n,
 She paus’d with horrible grimace

64.

“ Oh !” cried the Q——n——“ What can I do ?”
 While Il——st——er, who stood hard by,
 Took from her M——y the cue,
 And mov’d with much activity.

65.

What wight of fashion has not been
 Where these said mineral waters flow ?
 Who has not there strange phizzes seen
 Convuls’d with stern and griping woe ?

66.

Who has not seen the *belles* all blushing
 That nature could not sleep in quiet ;
 Beaux, prudes, coquettes, and grandams rushing
 To secret spots with dev’lish riot ?

67.

Who has not seen the closets cramm’d,
 And closet-doors by crowds beset,
 Suffering the tortures of the d——d,
 ’Ere they a slight relief could get ?

68.

But not so now ; the seats were free,
 No crowds were there, and no confusion ;
 And there might mighty Majesty
 Enjoy her stool without intrusion.

69.

“ Well,” quoth the Q——n, as home she went,
 “ Already to the springs I’m debtor;
 “ With the effect I’m well content,
 “ And think my spirits somewhat better.”

70.

Now came the May’r, with all the groupe
 Or Aldermanic forms so rare,
 All trick’d out trim, and cock-a-hoop,
 At Majesty to get a stare.

71.

Their mouths wide open, and their eyes
 Completely fix’d with admiration,
 And strain’d to an enormous size,
 To see the Juno of the nation.

72.

Then Mister May’r, who bow’d and burn’d,
 While all his palsied frame did quiver,
 To speak the speech his tongue had learn’d,
 His memory thus did well deliver—

73.

“ How happy is our town to see
 “ The benefits you show’r upon her,
 “ In giving us your Majesty,
 “ Pages and grooms, and maids of honor!

74.

“ Our springs in hist’ry have been nam’d,
 “ And by their merit will endure,
 “ Yes, far and wide, will they be fam’d;
 “ When they your Majesty shall cure!

75.

“ Your Majesty, that we full proof,
 “ Of our devotedness may give ye,
 “ Under the pump-room’s self-same roof,
 “ We have put up a royal privy.

76.

“ There free from saucy eyes, our Q——n
 “ May sit and ponder at her leisure,
 “ And we do hope it will be seen
 “ Our aim is to promote your pleasure!

77.

“ With crimson tapestry ’tis plann’d;
 “ And velvet soft the seats inclose,
 “ And there two marble vases stand,
 “ With perfumes for your royal nose!”—

78.

“ Enough! exclaimed her M——y—
 “ I see no homage you have slighted,
 “ I feel, I feel your loyalty,
 “ And, on my conscience, am delighted.

79.

“ I’ll stay a month with you to prove
 “ How much I value your affection ;
 “ Your city always had my love,
 “ And shall have henceforth my protection ;

80.

“ Low spirits shall no more annoy—
 “ Blue devils, get you gone to London !
 “ Bath waters are imbued with joy,
 “ And soon will all my sorrows run down !

81.

“ Here—here’s my hand !”—Down dropp’d the
 May’r,
 With grace and action monstrous clever,
 And held the hand, as if he there
 Could have knelt hugging it for ever.

82.

Down dropp’d his followers, one by one,
 With wond’rous appetite for kisses,
 Accounting life’s great business done,
 Now they had gain’d this first of blisses.

83.

And o’er that royal hand they hung,
 Like well-bred epicures caressing,
 And at each buss, from every tongue,
 Spontaneously broke forth a blessing.

84.

The ceremony done, the loons,
 With all the grace of goodly men,
 Tuck'd round their waists their showy gowns,
 And sped their passage home again.

85.

But from that day, save cap in hand,
 And with much homage in their faces,
 None might accost the Mayor, or stand
 Before their Aldermanic graces.

86.

Now of the city doctors came
 Some three or four, whose reputation
 Stood high upon the lists of fame,
 Men of great skill and application ;

87.

To learn the habit of the Q———n,
 To feel her pulse, arrange her diet,
 With med'cine's aid to fight the spleen,
 And memory's cynic tongue to quiet.

88.

“ Your Majesty,” these Galens quoth,
 “ Whose taste at solid food might sicken,
 “ Should mostly live on mutton broth,
 “ New milk, fresh eggs, boil'd veal and chicken.

89.

“ Trouble hath made digestion weak,
 “ And put the stomach out of order,
 “ But by good management, we’ll break
 “ The stubborn neck of this disorder !

90.

“ How stools your majesty ?” At this the blush
 The face of royalty o’erspread,
 And Lady Il--ch--t--r cried “ hush !”
 And the scar’d Princess hung her head.

91.

But Cl---ce to the doctor’s ear,
 Convey’d the secret information,
 That Majesty’s inside was clear,
 From sorrow’s powerful purgation.

92.

“ And sleeps the Q——n o’ nights ?” The dame
 After a moment given to thinking,—
 “ Of sleep I only know the name,
 “ All night I watching lie, and winking !

93.

“ And if I chance sometimes to doze,
 “ Some strange unnatural sort of vision
 “ Soon plays the devil with repose,
 “ And turns my comfort to derision.

94.

“ Methinks I see some ugly crone,
 “ With staring eyes and mouth wide grinning,
 “ A tall, indecent mass of bone,
 “ In my scar’d ear some warning dinning!”—

95.

“ Night-mare, your Majesty!”—quoth Galen,
 “ Night-mare!” rejoin’d the rest—“ no ques-
 “ Your royal stomach must be ailing, [tion!”
 “ For night-mare comes from indigestion.

96.

“ Two pills at night and one at morn,
 “ Draughts thrice a day will check the evil;
 “ These, with light food, as I am born,
 “ Will send the night-mare to the devil!”—

97.

“ And pray how long”---quoth Majesty---
 “ May I bid surly death defiance?
 “ But tell me that I shall not die,
 “ And I’ll believe with full reliance.

98.

“ God knows I have no wish for death,
 “ No relish for the grave, not I;
 “ Therefore, good sirs, prolong my breath,
 “ And physic, but don’t let me die!”---

99.

“ Die !” quoth the doctors, one and all—
 “ By Bath’s immortalizing aid,
 “ Our Q——n shall live, by G——d she shall,
 “ Or we will cut the healing trade !”

100.

Away the sons of physic went,
 Fill’d with the love of Majesty ;
 And Majesty was well content,
 Believing she should never die.

101.

“ I’m not so old,” said she, “ nor yet
 “ A subject fit for Fuseli ;
 “ Old Time to me is still in debt,
 “ Remember old Methusaleh !”—

102.

“ Then,” quoth the naval Duke, “ dear mother,
 “ Let not affliction cow you—never ;
 “ With sorrow don’t your feelings pother,
 “ And you will live, *at least*, for ever !

103.

“ Your son’s advice now don’t be scorning,
 “ Nor let my remedy affright ;
 “ Take mineral waters every morning,
 “ And *Curacoa* every night.

104.

“ My brother, Britain’s pride and ruler,
 “ A Prince of wond’rous taste and merit,
 “ For every drop of sorrow’s cooler,
 “ Takes twenty drams of ardent spirit!

105.

“ And who so fat, and who so strong,
 “ And who so green on Time’s vast tree;
 “ Who hath such intellect, among
 “ The sons of intellect, as he?”—

106.

“ None,” quoth the Q——n; “ not one—not one!
 “ He’s never plagued with gloomy cholic;
 “ But always ready prim’d for fun—
 “ Always, with appetite for frolic!

107.

“ L—d, he’s as young at fifty-six
 “ As heart of loyalty could wish him;
 “ And then so full of slippery tricks,
 “ Death will be hardly tax’d to dish him!”

108.

— “ Young!” cried the General—“ I defy
 “ Old Time his royal heart to frighten,
 “ Long as the bottle is not dry,
 “ And lovely Naiads visit Brighton!

109.

“ Long as the M—ch—ess hath charms,
 “ And he our royal ruler taste,
 “ We may dismiss all vain alarms,
 “ His vigour will not run to waste.

110.

“ If melancholy gives a knock,
 “ And strives his mighty soul to shake,
 “ He shrinks but to avoid the shock,
 “ Or springs anew a phoenix-rake!”—

111.

Won over by her son's example,
 And the intreaty of her daughter,
 The Q——n resolv'd to try a sample
 Of foreign brandy in her water.

112.

But quaffing spirit was not meet
 In public, lest it might cause laughter,
 So first she took the brandy neat,
 And drank the chrystal beverage after.

113.

The pump-room now each morn was throng'd:
 Age, youth, and ugliness and beauty,
 Came round the royal form, and long'd
 To shew their loyalty and duty.

114.

But as her M———y had corns,
 Which fed upon the royal toe,
 Protruding from the flesh, like horns,
 And making her tread soft and slow ;

115.

And as it happen'd now and then
 That vulgar shoes approach'd too near,
 Making e'en greatness wince again,
 And blanching royal cheeks with fear ;

116.

'Twas order'd that the saucy crowd
 Should keep itself at decent distance ;
 While two or three, the privileg'd proud,
 Should give to Majesty assistance.

117.

And as she mov'd, ye gods ! to see
 Eve's children, some astride on donkies,
 In tandem, tilbury, *vis-a-vis*,
 White-liver'd maids, and stiffen'd monkies---

118.

To see some scullion hoyden mounting,
 Perchance upon a baron's back,
 And groupes of spinsters, past the counting,
 Making the house-roofs bend and crack ;

119.

To hear the market wenches cry,—

“ Is that poor little lump of earth,

“ Is that—good G—d—her M——y,

“ Who gave the mighty R———t birth ?

120.

“ Lord, she takes snuff, and thro’ her nose,

“ Just as my grandmother before her ;

“ And see she waddles as she goes,

“ And yet the mob of fools adore her !”—

121.

Such traitorous speeches—more the pity—

Will break out in a land of freedom ;

For there are knaves in town and city,

Ready to say ’em or to read ’em !

122.

And tho’ her M——y, I ween

Than Cleopatra is much fairer,

And hath the image of a Queen,

In richer portrait wrought, and rarer—

123.

And tho’ she never did a deed

To make meek Charity asham’d,

Ne’er made the heart of Pity bleed,

But for humanity is fam’d—

124.

Tho' in profusion thro' the realm,
 Her bounty, like Heaven's rain, hath sped;
 And he, whom misery strove to 'whelm,
 Thro' her relief hath rais'd his head—

125.

Tho' Genius never ask'd in vain,
 Her patronage to make it known;
 And millions bless her cheering reign,
 And offer homage to her throne—

126.

Tho' she, regardless of herself,
 To her own interests ever blind,
 Ne'er hoarded jewels up, nor pelf,
 But shed her riches unconfin'd—

127.

Yet slander, whose unholy tongue
 Makes free alike with prince and peasant;
 And finds, be mortals right or wrong,
 Detraction's business always pleasant:

128.

Slander, whose yielding appetite,
 Feeds on all scraps with equal gust,
 And pounces on all game in sight,
 To gratify its devilish lust;

129.

Slander, that ill-bred, saucy crone,
 Who still in troubled water fishes,
 Yet cuts and fricasees a throne,
 As the most dainty of its dishes.

130.

Altho' her Majesty, G—d wot!
 Is far the rarest gem of earth
 That ever fell to mortal lot—
 A spice of unexampled worth—

131

Altho' her great and glorious waist,
 No sight a fly could ever see on;
 And tho' than Dian, far more chaste,
 Who gave the dogs the swain Actæon,

132.

Yet slander, ever on the watch,
 In virtue's self would find a niche;
 And in a seraph something catch,
 To give e'en purity a twitch.

133.

From B———n now a courier came,
 To learn the royal grandam's state;
 And bringing for the noble dame,
 News of the arbiter of fate.

134.

“ How fares the court ?” her greatness said,
 “ Pray tell me, are its spirits better ?”
 “ They are !” said Cl—nce, as he read
 The purport of his brother’s letter.

135.

“ Brandy, thou choicest, subt’lest spirit,
 “ For ever be thy praises sung !
 “ For ever recogniz’d thy merit,
 “ By rich and poor, and old and young !

136.

“ Brandy, thou very Jove of liquor,
 “ That givest stimuli to princes ;
 “ Hope of the clerk, joy of the vicar,
 “ From whom Religion’s self ne’er winces :—

137.

“ Brandy, thou first of human treasures,
 “ That kindlest up the stifled vigor ;
 “ Long may’st thou spur life’s faded pleasures,
 “ And make old age with rapture snigger !

138.

“ I love thee, brandy, far above
 “ Oceans of wine, and realms of beauty,
 “ And at thy shrine, to prove his love,
 “ Cl——ce shall ever do his duty !”—

139.

Thus C——ce, as his optics rov'd,
 Exclaim'd with voice uproarious,
 And T--yl--or, as by instinct mov'd,
 Directly join'd in chorus.

140.

Then star'd the Q——n, and royal Bess
 She star'd with equal wonder,
 And both seem'd whelm'd with sad distress
 To hear wild Cl——ce thunder.

141.

“ What means all this ? ” ask'd Majesty,
 But still with wonder staring---
 “ Why need you shout thus lustily,
 “ To break my drums of hearing ? ” ---

142.

On this the royal D——e bow'd down,
 And having made obeisance,
 To shew his homage to the crown,
 Thus spoke with much complacence.

143.

“ While, gracious mother, you take draught
 “ Of spring from pump-room handy,
 “ Each Tyro of the court hath quaff'd
 “ Noggins of wholesome brandy !

144.

“ And what the effect? Why sorrow crost,
 “ Took flight, and joy replac’d it;
 “ And tho’ some little bliss be lost,
 “ They could afford to waste it:

145.

“ And now, instead of striving hard
 “ With melancholy parrying,
 “ They talk, since Britain’s hopes are marr’d,
 “ E’en of my brother’s marrying.

146.

“ But patriotic views alone
 “ To this bold step could force him,
 “ For he less needs a wife, I own,
 “ To breed from than to nurse him!

147.

“ Yet, as the state requires a heir,
 “ To keep off scenes terrific,
 “ If he encounter nuptial care,
 “ And try to be prolific,

148.

“ May Heaven forefend no ill befall,
 “ Upon the night of marriage,
 “ To plunge in gloom the nation all,
 “ And curse us with miscarriage!”—

149.

“ Aye, Heaven forefend !”---the General cry’d ;
 And, “ Heaven forefend !” exclaim’d the Q---n ;
 And Il---hest-- r, close by her side,
 Echoed the cry with troubled mien.

150.

“ How patriotic !” quoth the Duke—
 “ What fearful risk !—What sacrifice !
 “ Zounds, when Heav’n strikes him from life’s
 “ The nation ought to canonize !”— [book,

151.

“ They will—they shall—they ought—they
 must !”—
 Quoth T---yl—r, swelling high with glee—
 “ His may not lie like common dust,
 “ He shall be made a deity !”—

152.

“ Great Jove,” quoth Cl—ce, “ will impart
 “ To him the faculty of youth,
 “ Re-brace his spirits, warm his heart,
 “ And give virility in truth.

153.

“ Young princes we may hope to see,
 “ Spring from a stock so fine and able ;
 “ Fair blossoms from the royal tree,
 “ Like olive branches round the table.

154.

“ The nation may dry up their tears,
 “ And you, my mother, banish trouble;
 “ Doubts, melancholy, biting fears,
 “ May break to nothing like a bubble.

155.

“ When you the mineral springs have tried,
 “ A fortnight, or a month, or so;
 “ To settle where to find a bride,
 “ To B———n, mother, you must go!”—

156.

Said royal Bess—“ All this is true,
 “ One must we chuse ere he can marry;
 “ But something yet remains to do,
 “ Which yet may make his highness tarry.

157.

“ One bride he has, and whatsoe’er
 “ He brings against her reputation,
 “ It will require some work, I fear,
 “ To satisfy the grumbling nation.

158.

“ He must divorce the one he has
 “ Before he can contract another;
 “ And how to manage this, alas!
 “ May poze th’ advisers of my brother!”—

159.

“ Now,” said the Q——n, “ this shews true game,
 “ And proves you all of royal breeding;
 “ I love to see your spirit flame,
 “ Tho’ nations at your feet lay bleeding !”

160.

Now to the pump room every day,
 The Q——n and her attendants hied,
 And hourly she became more gay,
 And never wept and seldom sigh’d.

161.

While in his rich Pavillion clos’d,
 The mighty R——t nurs’d his care,
 ’Till brandy’s potency impos’d
 A prohibition on despair.

162.

And now God bless her Majesty,
 And send her stores of rappee,
 And may she yet a century see,
 And spend that century happy !

163.

God grant, when heaven inflicteth stripes,
 She may escape th’ inflictions !
 God grant her freedom from the gripes,
 And pains of all descriptions !

164.

And our lov'd R——t, God bless him,
 And send him stores of patience;
 Courage to bear misfortune's grim,
 And wit to govern nations!

165.

God grant that if again he wed,
 He may take due precaution;
 And may no fiend pour round his bed
 Miscarriage or abortion!

166.

And God be with my country still,
 And keep her from all evil,
 And may all knaves who wish her ill,
 Be grappled by the devil!

THE END.

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